

(7. 6. 7. 6. D.)

Samuel C. G. Küster, tr. by Hannah K. Burlingham



1. O Je - sus, Friend un - fail - ing, How dear art Thou to me!
2. Naught, naught I court as pleas - ure, Com - pared, O Christ, with Thee,
3. What fills my heart with glad - ness? 'Tis Thine a - bound - ing grace;
4. Oh world - ly pomp and glo - ry, Your charms are spread in vain!



Are cares or fears as - sail - ing? I find my strength in Thee.
 Thy sor - row with - out meas - ure Earned peace and joy for me!
 Where can I look in sad - ness, But, Sav - iour, on Thy face?
 I've heard a sweet - er sto - ry, I've found a tru - er gain:



Why should my feet grow wear - y Of this my pil - grim way?
 I love to own, Lord Je - sus, Thy claims o'er me di - vine,
 My all is Thy pro - vid - ing— Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
 Where Christ a place pre - par - eth, There is my loved a - bode;



Rough though the path and drear - y, It ends in per - fect day.
 Bought with Thy blood most pre - cious, Whose can I be but Thine?
 In Thee, my ref - uge, hid - ing— No good wilt Thou with - hold.
 There shall I gaze on Je - sus, There shall I dwell with God.

